

Brooklyn, Jan. 11, 1835.

My dear George:

I hastily seize my pen to say, that you deserve many a well-filled sheet from me, but are in no prospect of getting one at present — not owing to any abatement of brotherly affection, but to an increase of business. Accompanying this is a package for bro. Phelps, which Mr. May desired me to send to Hartford; but as I hear that he is now in your vicinity, I send it to your care.

Before I went to Boston, I sent you in a letter, by mail, a Preamble and Constitution, according to your request, (although it may not have been in accordance with your wishes,) but you do not acknowledge its receipt in any of your subsequent letters. If it has miscarried, let me know. If not, I desire you, again, to curtail, modify, or reject it, as you may think proper. There is no probability that I shall be able to attend your Convention, but I will send you a letter to be read, and some resolutions to be adopted, if agreeable.

As soon as you get your call printed, with the signatures, do not fail to send a copy of it, immediately, to Boston, for insertion in the Liberator. I long to see it at full length — it will produce all kinds of emotions in the minds of the people — rage, astonishment, alarm, hope, joy and confidence.

"What a long spell of weather" we have had! Nothing but cloud, and wind, and sleet, and rain, for a whole week. Is the sun, therefore, extinguished? I tell you, nay. We must certainly soon see "the powerful King of day rejoicing in the east." Why, then, should dull or tempestuous weather make us dolorous or disconsolate? See you not my drift? Our moral sky has long been overcast, and there have been thunderings and lightnings, and a storm of something more potent than hail-stones - to wit, brickbats. But is the sun of Truth therefore quenched? No indeed! See - the clouds are retreating, and light already begins to break forth!

Poor little Anna! Your account of her sickness, and her patience and intelligent obediences, was highly interesting. May she live to be the best specimen of human excellence since the days of Tim who was immaculate!

Send on your petitions to Congress, if you have any. "Keep the mill a-going," as the saying is. The blustering of the southern members in Congress is ludicrous enough. The knaves and cowards! They will soon find that humanity and conscience are not so easily or willingly surrendered by us, as they would fain imagine.

We all desire to be affectionately remembered to your dear wife, to sisters Mary and Charlotte, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Chace, &c. &c.

In good health, good spirits, great haste, and brotherly affection, I remain,
Yours, truly,
Wm Lloyd Garrison.



George W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.